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ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF OUR EARLY ACTORS.

(Continued from p. 139.)

No. VII.

EDWARD ALLEYN.

THE supporters of dramatic performances must experience infinite pleasure from the reflection, that of the numerous eminent tragedians who at various periods have adorned the English theatre, the four most celebrated have played their parts not less admirably in domestic life than upon the public stage. To their decorous conduct as private individuals, their attachment to literary pursuits, and the refined taste displayed by their endeavours to enhance the character of the profession, are Betterton, Garrick, and our own great contemporary Kemble, as much indebted for the veneration in which their memories are held, as to the display of their surpassing talents; nor is the subject of our present attention one whit less worthy of renown, whether regarded as an actor or as a man.

Edward Allen (or Alleyn, as the name is usually written) was a native of London, having been born on the 1st of September, 1566, in the parish of St. Botolph, without Bishopsgate, and baptized on the 2d of that month, as appears from the church register. His pedigree, preserved at the Heralds' College,* shows, that by the father's side he was descended from a reputable family, seated at Willen, in Buckinghamshire; and that his mother was Margaret, daughter of John Townley, of Townley, in Lancashire, whose connexions, we are told, long resided there "in good fashion and credit." Of his father's occupation in life, however, nothing has been ascertained.

Thus reputably connected, young Alleyn was entered amongst the "Children of Paul's," under Sebastian Westcott, at that time master, in which situation we may presume that he acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and was probably intended for one of the learned professions, as Fuller tells us that his father would have given him a liberal education, but that Ned had no inclination for such a destiny—

"For he had heard of actors, and he long'd
To play upon the stage some warlike lord—
And Henslow granted what his sire denied."

Our hero, in short (as tens of thousands have since done, with a very different result) set his fate upon a cast, and made the stage his

* In the Visitation of Surrey, 1623.

profession; but when and where he first exhibited—whether in one of the plays performed by the children, or not until he had reached maturer years, is entirely matter of conjecture. We may, however, reasonably conclude that his outset as an actor did not take place later than his twentieth year, viz. in 1586, it being apparent, from one of Nash's tracts, which we shall hereafter quote, that he had arrived at celebrity in 1592; and that he was in some sort a manager, in 1593, is shown by an entry upon the Stationers' Books, of "A Comedie entitled 'A knack how to know a knave,' newly set forthe, as it has been sundrie times plaied by *Ned Allen and his Company*."

This was probably the company performing at the Rose Theatre on Bankside, at which, as it appears from the account-book of Philip Henslowe, the manager, he was a performer of note in 1597, and of which he became part-proprietor; a connexion induced, we may suppose, by his taking to wife Joan Woodward, the step-daughter of Henslowe, who had become the second husband of her mother. Some doubt, indeed, has been thrown upon the correctness of this statement, because the *Visitation of Surrey*, 1623, and her funeral certificate (both in the Heralds' College), style Mrs. Alleyn "the daughter of the worshipfull Philip Henslowe, Esq." Yet surely this apparent contradiction may easily be reconciled: Henslowe had married her mother; and most readers must be aware of instances in which the children of a young widow, who has taken a second husband, are more commonly called by the name of their step-father than that of their real one.

Alleyn's marriage took place on the 22d of October, 1592, as we learn from a memorandum in the account-book of Henslowe, above-mentioned; a document which has yielded innumerable curious particulars respecting the early theatres, and for the fortunate preservation of which, at Dulwich, we are indebted to this family connexion between Alleyn and the writer. Like the other great tragedians named at the commencement of this article (and the coincidence is somewhat singular) Alleyn died childless.

In addition to the Rose Theatre on Bankside, Henslowe and Alleyn were proprietors of the Bear-Garden in the same neighbourhood; and the latter held the office of Royal Bear-Ward, being styled in the *Visitation of Surrey*, 1623, previously alluded to, "Master of His Majesty's Game of Bulls and Bears." This was a patent place, the holder of which enjoyed an exclusive privilege of baiting those animals in the presence of the sovereign; but Alleyn, in this instance, it appears, had in some sort his "greatness thrust upon him;" for in the beginning of King James's reign Sir William Steward, who filled the office, feeling inclined, like the patentees of our own day, "to bear no rival near his throne," contrived to obtain a prohibition against the "unlicensed" sports carried on under the superintendence of Henslowe and Alleyn, and harassed them so much, that they were at length obliged to compound the matter by buying up his "vested rights." Of this hardship they complained in a petition to the king, containing much curious matter; but as the limits assigned to this article forbid its insertion here, and we shall hereafter have an opportunity of introducing it more appropriately in a contemplated history of the early theatres, we shall for the present merely refer the reader to Lysons's *Surrey*, where the document is given entire.

Bear-baiting was at this period a favourite amusement amongst all classes, from the sovereign to the peasant; and Bankside appears to have been a spot especially celebrated for the sport. "Heere (says Stowe) are kept beares, bulls, and other beastes, to be bayted, in plots of ground scaffolded about, for the beholders to stand safe; as also mastives, in several kenels, nourished to bayt them." From this source, and from the profits of the Rose, Henslowe and Alleyn doubtless derived a handsome yearly income, which, about the year 1600, they endeavoured still further to increase by a new speculation, viz. the erection of a theatre, called the Fortune, in Golden Lane. The contract entered into, on this occasion, with Peter Streete, the builder, is in existence, and we quote one or two of the provisions, to show the size and cost of the house, which contrast curiously with those of our modern theatres. It is dated 8th of January, 1599, and provides for "the setting up, before the five and twentieth daye of Julie, of a new house and stage for a play-howse, in and uppon a certeine plott of ground scituate and being near Goldinge Lane. The frame of the saide howse to be sett square, and to conteine fowerscore foote of lawfull assize every waie square, without, and fifty-five foote of like assize, square, everye waie within. The saide frame to conteine three stories in heighth, with convenient divisions for gentlemen's roomes [boxes], and other sufficient and convenient divisions for two-pennie roomes [galleries]; with necessarie seates. With a stadge and tyreing-house [dressing-room], with a shadow or cover over the saide stage.* In consideration of which, the saide Philipp Henslowe and Edward Allen shall and will trulie paie unto the saide Peter Streete the some of fower hundred and fortie poundes."

The total expense of the Fortune has been ascertained from the following memorandum, found amongst Alleyn's papers:—

"What the Fortune cost me, November, 1599.

"For the leas to Brew	£ 240
Then, for building the Play-hous	520
For other privat buildings of myn owne	120

So that it hath cost me for the leasse [query, house] . £ 880"

On the site of the Fortune is said to have previously stood a building, which was used as a nursery for Henry the VIII.'s children, Golden Lane being then an airy situation in the outskirts of the town. The statement receives support from the circumstance that the old front, decorated with the Tudor arms, is still in existence, forming Nos. 61 and 62 in Golden Lane, severally occupied as a barber's shop and a Staffordshire warehouse. This curious structure, the only relic of our early theatres now in existence, deserves the attention of every theatrical antiquary; its situation is not remarkably inviting, but we never enter that quarter of the town without contriving to pay it a visit. On inspecting it, a few days since, we found that the front, which previously bore a sad, ruinous, tottering appearance, had just

* The remainder of the house, as in all of what were termed *public theatres*, was open to the weather, the performances taking place by day-light.

been repaired, and that with a correctness of taste which has not always been evinced in more fashionable spots. The royal arms in the centre had been carefully renovated, though smaller devices, emblematical of Charity, which formerly occupied either extremity of the building, have disappeared. A filthy passage, close by, still retains the name of Play-house Alley.

On the 27th of March, 1607-8, Alleyn was chosen a vestryman of St. Saviour's parish; and in January, 1615-16, he lost his old associate Henslowe, who died in that month; previously to which he made a will, leaving his wife executrix, and Alleyn "overseer" of it. And now, having acquired a handsome competency, Alleyn himself quitted the bustle of the theatre, to spend the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, and in the accomplishment of that "crowning act," which, still more than his talents, has rendered his name celebrated, and ranked him with those benefactors of mankind

" Whose honours with the lapse of years shall grow,
As streams roll down, increasing as they flow."

It is needless to add, that we allude to his munificent endowment of a refuge for the aged and necessitous, at Dulwich, a project which no doubt had long been entertained by him, and which he now found leisure to put in practice. Respecting the origin of this hospital there occurs the following interesting notice, in a letter from Lord Bacon to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated "York House, Aug. 18, 1618," and signed "F. Verulam, Canc."*

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,—I thank your lordship for your last loving letter. I now write to give the king an account of a patent I have stayed at the seal. It is of licence to give in mortmain eight hundred pound land, though it be of tenure in chief, to Allen, that was the player, for an hospital.

"I like well that Allen playeth the last act of his life so well."

The founder's regulations direct that this establishment be called THE COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT, and that the inmates consist of a master and warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, twelve scholars, six assistants, and thirty out-members, who must all remain unmarried, or forfeit their situations. The master and warden are to be chosen from persons of the founder's race and surname, or in defect of such, from persons of his surname only; and Alleyn's family having long been extinct, any one of the name is qualified to become a candidate on the occurrence of a vacancy. The fellows are to be in holy orders, two officiating as preachers, and two as schoolmaster and usher. The poor brethren and sisters (who cannot be admitted until sixty years of age) are to be selected from the out-members, who lodge in alms-houses, and must have been inhabitants of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, St. Saviour's, Southwark, or St. Giles's, Cripplegate (ten from each), those being severally the parishes in which Alleyn was born, in which he resided, and in which he built the Fortune Theatre. The scholars are to be educated till they are eighteen, and then apprenticed at the charge of the College, or sent to the University, of which latter class there are never to be less than four.

* Stephens's Second Collection, p. 83.

The endowments of the College, which the lapse of two centuries has vastly increased in value, consisted of lands in Dulwich parish, others in Lambeth, certain tenements in St. Botolph's, and the Fortune play-house. The original edifice (to which additions have from time to time been made, in various styles, and without much taste) was constructed after a design by Inigo Jones, and formed three sides of a quadrangle, comprising, in addition to the apartments occupied by the master and warden, a chapel, an audit-room, a school-room, a picture gallery and library.

In the picture-gallery hang portraits of many early actors; and the library is said to have been originally very extensive, but either from connivance or neglect to have suffered greatly from depredators. Charges of this kind, grave in their nature and openly made, have long been before the world; and, if true, no false delicacy should shield the memory of the pilferers from the shame due to their knavery. In Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 313, there is the following passage in point.

"Garrick had free access to the library of Dulwich College, founded by Alleyn, and pillaged it without scruple or remorse. He did pretty nearly the same thing with Sir Thomas Hanmer's library. No wonder, therefore, that the Garrick Collection, now deposited in the British Museum, presents at once an object of vexation, envy, and despair to the bibliomaniac."*

We are ignorant to whom Ritson alludes, but in his *Observations on Warton's 'English Poetry,'* p. 26, he says—"You did not know, it seems, that this very song was printed by your 'learned friend and fellow-labourer,' the lord bishop of Dromore? No more than he did, when giving it, as communicated to him by Mr. Steevens, from the mouth of a lady, that it was extant in an old black-letter copy in — but the collection might suffer by the discovery, which I will not therefore make." To this he appends the following note—"And it would not be the first if it did:—*Dulwich College to wit.*"

Lastly, we shall give an extract from an article which appeared in the *Monthly Mirror* for May, 1810, written by one who is an excellent judge of these matters:—

"Of the present economy of Dulwich Hospital, and how far it continues to square with the intention of its founder, I may speak in another paper. Here I shall merely observe, that the library, containing many very curious old books, is without a librarian, and its contents, covered with cobwebs and dust, are, like the picture-gallery, considered as so much lumber, and left to run to incurable decay. As a proof of the value set on the books, they have suffered Mr. Malone to take away several uniques (ugly-looking things), and to give them in return his pretty edition of Shakspeare. 'Exchange,' it is true, 'is no robbery,' but a nearer thing has rarely happened. 'Ego homuncio non facerem.'

Of late years the attractions of Dulwich College have been greatly increased by the acquisition of a splendid collection of paintings, pre-

* The Plays in the Library at Dulwich were chiefly presented by Cartwright, the comedian, who had been an associate of Alleyn's.

sented by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, for the reception of which a gallery has been erected, and the public are freely admitted to view them; but this being a subject foreign to the purpose of our article, we dismiss it with this passing notice. Many idle tales have been circulated respecting the motives which induced Alleyn to found the college, and the means by which he accumulated property sufficient to effect it: one story attributes the latter to his having married three wives with large fortunes, which is wholly fabulous; while another relates, that when the foundation of the playhouse in Golden-lane was dug, he discovered there an immense treasure, which induced him to bestow upon the building the title of *The Fortune*. Sufficient, however, is known of Alleyn's vocations, to account rationally for his having acquired a large fortune, without having recourse to these "weak inventions." As to the circumstance which is said to have urged him to the performance of his noble act of charity at Dulwich, it is scarcely possible to allude to it seriously; but perhaps it would be wrong to omit all mention of the tale, which is, that he was terrified into the pious deed by his Satanic majesty's condescending on one occasion to tread the boards with him. The affair is thus related in Prynne's *Hystrio-Mastix*, 1633, fol. 556:—

"The visible apparition of the devil appeared on the stage at the Belsavage playhouse, in Queene Elizabeth's dayes, to the great amazement both of the actors and spectators, whiles they were prophanelly playing the *History of Faustus*; the truth of which I have heard from many now alive, who well remember it, there being some distracted with that fearfull sight."

It is alluded to also in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604, printed by T. C. for Jeffrey Charlton:—

"Then another doore opening rere-ward, there came puffing out of the next roome a villainous leiftenant, without a band, as if he had been new cut downe, like one at Wapping, with his cruell garters about his necke, which filthily resembled two of Derick's necklaces. Hee had a head of hayre like one of the diuells in *Docter Faustus*, when the olde theater crackt, and frighted the audience."

This, be it observed, took place in Elizabeth's reign, and Alleyn did not found the college till 1619, so that his pious resolutions existed a pretty considerable time ere they produced any fruit.—But enough of such absurdities.

After a retirement of ten years, passed we may be assured in that delightful tranquillity which springs from the consciousness of a well-spent life, watching over the infancy of that munificent establishment which has immortalized him, and honoured by "all degrees of men, Alleyn at length succumbed to the stroke of fate, and dying on the 6th of December, 1626, was buried at Dulwich, in the college chapel. The gratitude of those who existed on his bounty was subsequently expressed by an inscription in front of the hospital, in which his character as a man of good deeds is depicted with simplicity and truth. We have room only for the commencement and the conclusion:—

Regnante Jacobo
Primo totius Britanniae Monarcha,
Edvardus Alleyn, Arm.
Theromachiae Regiae praefectus,
Theatri Fortunae dicti choragus,
Ævique sui Roscius,
Hoc Collegium instituit.

* * * *

Postquam annos bene multos Collegio suo praefuisset,
Dierum tandem et bonorum
Operum satur,
Fato concessit

VI Kal. Decembris, A. D. MDCXXVI.

Beatus ille qui misertus est pauperum :

Abi tu, et fac similiter !

It is a singular circumstance, and greatly to be regretted, that celebrated as Alleyn was, and by the unanimous assent of his contemporaries pronounced an unequalled actor, we know scarcely anything of the particular line in which he excelled. His panegyrists deal in loose generalities, without condescending to specify individual characters ; and almost the only parts we can with certainty pronounce that he sustained, are Faustus, the Jew of Malta, and Tamburlaine the Great. The first of these has already been alluded to, and in Rowland's *Knave of Clubs*, 1601, sig. D 2, there is the following additional notice :—

“ The gul gets on a surplice,
With a crosse upon his breaste ;
Like *Allen* playing Faustus,
In that manner he was drest.”

His name does not occur amongst those of the actors in the plays of Shakspeare, or of Beaumont and Fletcher, given in the folios ; neither was he one of those who performed in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, although that comedy was produced at his own theatre, the Rose. The fact apparently is, that Alleyn's celebrity was principally acquired at an earlier date, by performing in the plays of Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Peele, Nash, and other dramatists previous to the appearance of Shakspeare, who associated himself chiefly with the company at the Globe, opposed to Alleyn's, and therefore had probably little or no connexion with him.

Alleyn's personal qualifications for the stage appear to have been of the first order. Fuller says, that “ he made any part, especially a majestic one, become him,” having a handsome face and dignified carriage ; and we are moreover assured that he was of excellent capacity, cheerful temper, tenacious memory, fine feeling, and sweet and copious elocution. It is very probable that the author of *Tamburlaine the Great*, 1590, when depicting his hero, had in his eye the actor who was to represent him. We annex the passage :—

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden. ‘Twixt his manly pitch,*

* *Pitch*, i. e. shoulders.

A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd ;
 Wherein, by curious sov'reignty of art,
 Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
 (Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
 A heav'n of heav'nly bodies in their spheres,)
 That guide his steps and actions to the throne
 Where Honour sits, invested royally.
 Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion ;
 Thirsting with sov'reignty and love of arms ;
 His lofty brows, in folds, do figure death,
 And in their smoothness, amity and life.
 About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
 Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
 On which the breath of heav'n delights to play,
 Making it dance with wanton majesty.
 His arms are long, his fingers snowy white,
 Betok'ning valour and excess of strength.
 In ev'ry part proportion'd like the man
 Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine."

The encomiastic notices of Alleyn by contemporary writers concur in placing him far above his compeers, and pronouncing him "the first of actors." At the head of these stands Jonson, who in his 89th Epigram, thus pays off the debt of gratitude he owed to Alleyn, through whose friendly interference with the manager, as appears from Henslowe's account-book, Ben had often procured a seasonable advance of cash at the outset of his career :—

" TO EDWARD ALLEN.

" If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
 Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
 As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
 Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then ;
 Who had no less a trumpet of their name,
 Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame :—
 How can so great example die in me,
 That, ALLEN, I should pause to publish thee ?
 Who both their graces in thyself hast more
 Outstript, than they did all that went before ;
 And present worth in all dost so contract,
 As others speak, but only thou dost act.
 Wear this renown ! 'Tis just that who did give
 So many poets life, by one should live."

Sir R. Baker's encomium upon Alleyn, in his *Chronicle*, the reader has already seen at p. 133 of our present volume ; and in his *Theatrum Triumphans*, he observes, "What scurrility was ever heard to come from the mouths of the best actors of our time, Alleyn and Bourbidge ? yet what plays were ever so pleasing as where their parts had the greatest part ?"

Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592, p. 27, has this passage :—"Not Roscius, nor Æsop, those tragedians, admyred before Christ was borne, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen. If ever I write anything in Latine (as I hope one day I shall), not a man of any desert among us but I will have up. Tarleton, Ned Alleyn, Knell, Bently, shall be knownen in France, Spayne, and Italie ; and not a part that they surmounted in

more than other, but I will there note and set downe, with the manner of theyre habites and attire."*

Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, after enumerating several excellent deceased performers, adds, "Amongst so many dead, let me not forget one yet alive, in his time the most worthy famous Maister Edward Alleyn." Nor did Heywood, after the death of Alleyn, suffer his merits to sink into oblivion; for in 1623, having to write a prologue for the *Jew of Malta*, on its revival at the Cock-pit, he commenced it with the following tribute of admiration, from which we gather almost all the knowledge we possess, as to particular characters that Alleyn sustained.

"We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets† in that age
The Malta Jew had being and was made,
And he then by the best of actors‡ play'd.
In *Hero and Leander* one did gain
A lasting memory;—in *Tamberlaine*,
This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue;
So could he speak so vary."

Of Alleyn's connexions little or nothing is known beyond what has been related of the Henslowe family. There was a Richard Alleyn in the company at the Rose; and in Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, he mentions, "that most excellent tenor voice and exact singer, Her Majesty's servant, Master Jo. Allin;" but it does not appear that these were related to him. Edward himself may probably be alluded to in *King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation*, by Jonson and Decker, 1603, where we are told that "*Genius* was represented by Mr. Allein, servant to Prince Henry, who delivered his speeches with excellent action, and a well-tuned audible voice."

The reader may perchance have met with a letter signed G. Peele, describing how Jonson and Shakspeare were accustomed to spend their evenings "at the Globe, somewhere near to Blackfriars, where the play-house then was;" and relating that, upon one occasion, Shakspeare was rallied for having borrowed hints for his instructions to the players, in *Hamlet*, from a close observation of Alleyn's acting. This we allude to, merely to pronounce it a clumsy forgery. There is, however, extant, an epistle relating to Alleyn, which has better claims to authenticity, and which we therefore annex, upon the authority of Mr. Malone, who, in the additions to his *History of the Stage*, says, "I insert the following letter (addressed to Alleyn), which has been lately found at Dulwich College, as a literary curiosity. It shows how very highly Alleyn was estimated. What the wager alluded to was, it is now impossible to ascertain. It probably was, that Alleyn would equal his predecessors, Knell and Bently, in some part which they had

* How much must every dramatic amateur regret that Nash merely "kept the word of promise to the ear."

† Marlowe.

‡ Alleyn.

performed, and in which his contemporary, George Peele, had likewise been admired : *

“ ‘ Your answer the other night so well pleased the gentlemen, as I was satisfied therewith, though to the hazarde of the wager ; and yet my meaning was not to prejudice Peele’s credit, neither wolde it, though it pleased you so to excuse it. But beinge now growen farther in question, the partie affected to Bently, scornynge to win the wager by your deniall, hath now given you libertie to make choyce of any one play that either Bently or Knell plaide ; and least this advantage agree not with your mind, he is contented both the plaie and the tyme shal be referred to the gentlemen here present. I see not how you can any waie hurt your credit by this action ; for if you excel them, you will then be famous ; if equall them, you win both the wager and credit ; if short of them, we must and will saie, NED ALLEN STILL.

“ ‘ Your friend to his power,

W. P.

“ ‘ Deny me not, sweet Ned ; the wager’s downe,
And twice as much commaunde of me or myne ;
And if you wyne, I swear the halfe is thine,
And for an overplus an English crowne.
Appoint the tyme, and stint it as you pleas,
Your labour’s gaine, and that will prove it ease.’ ”

Our portrait of Alleyn is copied from a painting preserved at Dulwich College, in which he is depicted at full-length, habited in a robe, There is a tradition, that the likeness was taken as he lay in his coffin.

* *

ON THE GENIUS AND ACTING OF KEAN.

WE have read somewhere that the Italian writers compare the poem of Ariosto to a garden of melons, where those that are good are excellent, and those that are bad are worth nothing. Kean (to use this allusion) is as a rich soil, teeming with a luxuriant crop, but owing to negligence, or to the want of a skilful master, rank tares have been allowed to mingle with the noble produce ; for, to drop our metaphor, few actors have possessed a genius so brilliant and original, and still fewer weaker powers to direct it. Had his taste and judgment been equal to the vigour of his imagination, he would have left little or nothing to desire. We have often, when viewing the beautiful, yet wild and irregular flights of his genius, compared it to that of Lee, the dramatist (and those who are conversant with the writings of that poet will not consider the comparison altogether unapt) : the acting of the one, like the poetry of the other, while frequently delighting the mind with its fervour, splendour, and poetical loveliness, too often excites disgust by its absurdities, extravagance, and vain attempts at the sublime.

* The latter part of Malone’s conjecture is perfectly gratuitous, for it has never been understood that Peele was an actor, nor does the letter contain anything from which such a fact can fairly be inferred.

Though we would gladly pay all due homage to the magnificence of Kean's genius, we must confess its powers are miserably limited; even Leigh Hunt, the most fervent and eloquent of his admirers, observed, "We seldom lose sight of his Richard, and, to a certain degree, he still plays the dog. If versatility was necessary to form a great actor, we fear Kean would have few claims to that epithet; indeed no famed actor's class of characters has been so circumscribed, there being but four in the wide range of the drama in which, for four or five years, he has distinguished himself; namely, Shylock, Richard the Third, Sir Giles, and Othello; and even in more than one of these we shall find his conceptions are incorrect, and afford ample proof of his endeavouring, by trickery and artifice, to elicit the applause of the vulgar at the risk of making the judicious grieve."

Owing to the confined limits of this work, we are prevented bestowing so elaborate a criticism upon Mr. Kean's acting as we could wish; we shall, therefore, briefly glance at his personation of the above favourite characters. Of the many beauties which abound in his delineation of Shylock it would be impertinent to speak. In the first three acts (bating the crafty bargain with Antonio, which has not enough of "merry sport" about it), the force of *acting* could no further go; and though no admirers of Mr. Kean's elocution, we cannot imagine anything finer in its way than his delivery of the speech where the Jew so eloquently argues on the justice of his treatment of Antonio. The expression which he gives to the line—"If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" approaches to the sublime. The actor exhibits such a masterly intonation, attitude, and look, that he dignifies for the moment the aged usurer into a demi-god. Of the trial scene we do not think very highly; indeed he is surpassed by more than one of his contemporaries. Shakspeare, in this scene, to suit the strong prejudices which raged in his time against the Jews, has committed a glaring impropriety, by permitting Shylock's so easily consenting to forsake his religion: for if we consider the character attentively we must feel convinced that Shylock would have braved a thousand deaths rather than bear the abhorred name of Christian. It is not, therefore, the business of the actor, by the resources of his art, to do away or soften down this incongruity as much as possible. Kean, on hearing the Duke's determination, gives the reply, "I am content," with little feeling, and exhibits no further emotion, save the once passing of his hands to the forehead. We think Dowton's fainting away in this scene was a fine trait of nature, and evinced a knowledge of the part which cannot be too highly lauded. Kean indulges, at his final exit, in a piece of trickery totally unworthy of his genius. We allude to the long pause and look of bitter contempt, which he bestows on Gratiano, after the jest of the twelve godfathers; for is it likely that Shylock, just defeated in his revenge, despoiled of half his property, and compelled to become a Christian, would bestow a thought on Gratiano, or even be supposed to have heard the jest?

We now proceed to Mr. Kean's Richard, a part wherein he has gained so much fame and applause, and which, though bitterly satirical, crafty, and heroic, is neither the Richard of Shakspeare and

Cibber,* or the Richard of history; for Gloster, instead of being morose, snarling, and dissatisfied, as Kean represents him, abounded in vivacity, and humour. Lest our readers should start at the latter assertion, we will venture to give our view of the character. We consider him to be a "bold, gay-faced villain," so exulting in the consciousness of his mental superiority as to believe it capable of bearing him triumphantly through all difficulties. He can smile, and murder while he smiles, not so much hypocritically as from the pure love of the sport; indeed he cannot murder without a smile, as he cuts a joke upon all his deeds of blood; and such is the sprightliness of his disposition, that even his own deformity, the contemplation of which is the only thing capable of disturbing the self complacency of his thoughts, often excites merriment. As an intelligent writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* observed, some time ago, "Gloster, to those who did not know him, must have appeared one of the most delightful persons imaginable. He continues careless, undaunted, confiding, animated, and courageous, even to the last; and it is remarkable that the very last speech he utters, before he rushes out to seek Richmond, 'even in the throat of death,' is intended to include pleasantry, — 'I think there be six Richmonds in the field.'"[†]

Garrick's Richard, there is no doubt, was highly lively and humorous. In an extract we gave some months ago, from an old critique in the *London Magazine*,[‡] it stated that his acting frequently threw the galleries into convulsions of laughter. Mathews, some years ago, spoke the opening soliloquy in the manner he had seen Tate Wilkinson give his imitation of Garrick. The lines were not growled out in a snappish, dissatisfied tone and manner, but with a cheerful and highly-animated look and an exulting spirit, not as if the clouds he mentions were buried (instead of in the ocean) in the dark bosom of the speaker.

We have been thus lengthy in our remarks on the character of Richard, because it is a subject well worthy the attention of actors and lovers of the drama, whether Mr. Kean's conception of the part be entirely just or not. Still, whatever objections may be made to certain portions of Mr. Kean's Richard, there is more to admire than to censure. In the bustling scenes of the fourth act, and in the tremendous force and energy with which he rushes on to the final struggle, we cannot suppose even Garrick to have excelled him.

Of his Sir Giles Overreach many pages might be written. Here we are at a loss which to award the greatest praise, his judgment or his genius, for they both shine forth with transcendent lustre; every movement, gesture, tone, every varied inflexion of feature, constitute a brilliant illustration of the author's text: as it has been said of Mr. Kemble's *Coriolanus*, his very peculiarities enhanced the merits of the performance.

There remains now only his *Othello* to be considered, which

* We couple these names together because the acting play is as much indebted to Cibber as to Shakspeare, and though the former has been stigmatized for his alterations, there are few things in the tragedy superior to the soliloquy on conscience, which has been proved to be Cibber's.

† The author is here speaking of the play as Shakspeare wrote it.

‡ See Vol. I. p. 212.

abounds with all his beauties and many of his defects, though the latter must be laid chiefly to the score of nature, not to the actor; for, as Mr. Hunt says, he plays it like a gipsy, not a moor; and thus in the early scenes, from Mr. Kean's total want of oriental grace and dignity, Othello is completely thrown in the shade by Iago; but the power and passion he displays in the third act, so bears away the feelings of the spectators with him that the critic forgets his office, and is only roused from his delightful astonishment by the repeated plaudits of those around him. In this great third act an instance occurs of that want of variety of action and conception which has ever been the greatest blemish in Kean. No two beings are of a more opposite description than Shylock and Othello. It cannot be imagined that in word, action, or thought, they could at all assimilate; yet the look, the tone, gesture, and attitude of Kean as Othello, denouncing vengeance on his wife, "blood, Iago, blood, blood," differed not in the least from the same actor when, as Shylock, he execrated his daughter, "I would she were dead, dead, dead."*

We have permitted ourselves an enlarged notice of the above four characters, because in those alone Mr. Kean has been unequalled by any living contemporary. Still it would be injustice to deny that he has displayed great merit in Wolsey, Timon, Reuben Glenroy, Oroonoko, Sir Edward Mortimer, &c. But though remarkable for many beauties of natural acting and sensibility, he cannot be said to have absolutely embodied any but the four characters before mentioned. Having noticed some of Mr. Kean's mental qualifications, we proceed to his personal ones. His features are highly intellectual and greatly expressive, yet at the same time incapable of much variety of expression; for though in painting the darker passions of the soul, his face was as a "book, wherein men might read his thoughts," love, benevolence, and tenderness were not so happily portrayed. Of his voice much has been said for and against; but in fact, like G. Cooke, he possesses two distinct voices; the one harsh, repulsive, and discordant, the other so soft, wining, and harmonious, that it steals upon the senses like the fabled songs of the Sirens. Though the tones were different in compass, their flexibility was astonishing; indeed, Kean's strong command over them, constituted one of the greatest charms in his acting. His action was restless and redundant, and frequently ungraceful; the stretching out of the arms, like a butcher in Clare-market, endeavouring to overcome the united influence of the meat and weather, was most unpleasant, and the constant taps bestowed on the forehead and chest, and twitching of his garments, were not much better. But the transcendent manner in which he threw his soul into many of his characters rendered the spectators blind or indifferent to these defects.

We shall return to this subject next month, when we shall give a complete journal of Mr. Kean's characters, from his first appearance at Drury-lane, with brief criticisms on each, and many interesting particulars.

* The frequent reiteration of the words here used is not in the play.

SCENES FROM "KING HENRY I.; OR, THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY."

A REJECTED TRAGEDY.

(Continued from p. 176.)

King. To-morrow
Thy suit, fair lady, shall be answer'd.

Duke. Go—
Prepare the ball; for in the festive
dance
Anon we'll join you.

Ling. [*Aside to Blois, whilst passing him.*] Read o'er this in private;
'Tis of the utmost import to your cause.
[*She thrusts a paper into his vest.*]

King. [*Handing Lingaria's petition to the Prince.*] Peruse this paper
at thy leisure, William,
And, as thou wilt, decide on't. Lovely
dames,
Guard well your lips; for when the
strain is up,
We shall not with our tripping feet alone
Keep measure with the music.

[*Exeunt ladies.*]

By St. Mark! [*Observing the Prince.*]
The paper moves thee!—thou art pale
and trembling!

Come, let me see 't. [*peace!*]

Prince. 'Twill blight our hopes of
I wish this suit and the prefferer of it
Had been i'th' ocean sunk! Beseech
your Highness,
Regard it calmly; let it not embitter
This sacred hour of friendship.

King. [*Having read it with displeasure.*] 'Tis a trick
Beneath a prince! [*To the Duke*] And
art thou sunk so low
To pawn thine honour to a woman's
wiles?

Read that, and blush to own it.

Duke. [*Calmly glancing over it.*]
No! why need
I blush? 'Twas not by my command
or privy

This paper was presented; yet I own
The subject of't was in my contem-
plation;
And in this hour of confidence and
faith

I look'd for restitution of my pension.

King. Children may gaze upon and
want the moon,—
Their wishes will be vain.

Duke. And so will mine?

King. Thou'st said it.

Prince. O, good Heaven! What
envious fiend
Hath risen from hell to stir this fatal
strife!

Beseech ye, still be friends! dear fa-
ther!—uncle!—

O Sire! despise this paper's latent
craft!

King. He owns it!

Prince. Nay,—

King. The purport of it!

Duke. Ay!

Prince. Dear uncle, urge it not:
the shape it comes in
Offends the king. This is no time to
wrangle.

Duke. Nor to perpetuate a wrong!
No time

So fit as this to do an act of justice.
Before these noble peers, assembled,
Henry,

I call on thee to answer me:—Is't fair
Thou should'st withhold from me the
poor annuity,

(So often and so solemnly confirm'd)
Because when reason in my bowl was
drown'd,

And I was not myself, I yielded it?

King. We are too old to play and
trifle, Robert.

Men's words should be their bonds,
and princes' wills

Unalterable as fate. I ask'd thee not
To yield the pension Rufus' folly
granted,

'Twas thine own pleasure to release
me of it.— [*of—*]

Words spoke in wine may be repented
Never recall'd.

Duke. Then wilt not thou restore it?

King. When thou hast won it.

Duke. Ha! and is this all?
Deserve my many kindnesses but this?
Should not relinquishing the crown of
England,

When I had power to pluck it from
thy brow,

Withdraw thee from these cruel per-
secutions?

War, without crime, can ne'er be
wag'd between us;

Nor victory obtain'd without disho-
nor.

Nor should'st thou weak and nerveless
deem that arm

Which draws the sword of justice and
necessity,

And strikes with desperation.— So
think of it.

King. When (as thou proudly say'st)
thou had'st the power

To pluck the crown from my anointed
head,

(Believing it thine own) why did'st
thou shrink

From seizing, as thy right, the golden
prize?

Duke. Ambition is a vice not quick
in me.

My love of peace;—my brotherly
affection,

Urg'd me to wave my right.

King. You sold it!

Duke. Ay;

To save us from the crime of fratri-
cide,

I own my weakness did agree to hold
The former bond betwixt myself and
Rufus,

A poor equivalent for England's crown.

King. That bond thy folly can-
cell'd—

Duke. Let it pass.

King. And thou did'st think to
play the juggler with me,

And in a wassail bowl, perhaps well
drugg'd,

Find restitution!

Prince. Nay, my gracious father!
Wrong not the Duke.

Duke. His taunts affect me not—
I wish for peace, and fain would buy
thy friendship.

All causes of complaint shall be re-
mov'd;

Thy subjects holding lands, by Rollo's
will,

In my dominions, shall from tax and
tithe

Henceforward be releas'd—although
their actions

Would warrant confiscation.

King. This demand

We came, in arms, t' enforce. But
thy concession

Just pronounc'd—

Duke. On terms—

King. Terms!—Well, let's hear 'em.

Duke. That thou restore three thou-
sand marks a year

To me, for life; and thy successors
bind

To pay the same to mine: until the
crowns

Of Normandy and England be united.

King. Think'st thou we cross'd the
channel with a force

Of twenty thousand men, to be in-
sulted

By offer of such arrogant conditions?

'Tis ours to dictate terms—thine to
accept,

Or to decline, as best may suit thy
stomach.

Duke. I'm all attention to my pow-
erful brother!

Well;—what shall be the terms of our
agreement?

King. Unqualified submission. Yield
thy dukedom

Unto our sov'reign sway; and of our
love

Enjoy it as a province of our realm.

Bouv. Henry of England! we're
not conquer'd yet;

And your own arguments (such as I
learn

You in your council urge) condemn
your acts.

To Robert you deny the right of
England,

As being son but to the Duke of
Normandy!

And for yourself you claim the crown
of England,

As being first-born son of conquering
William

After he won and wore it! Now what
right,

By your own reasoning, have you to
Normandy?

King. We hold our parley only
with the Prince—

Not with the Prince's vassals.

Bouv. Subjects, Henry!
And we are bound, as subjects, to
support

Our Prince against thy power and
persecution;

Our rights and liberties 'gainst thy
ambition;

Our private property against thine
avarice;

And our fair state against thy usur-
pation.

King. Proud Earl of Bouvais! this
thou may'st repent of.

Bouv. When thou'st the power to
punish me, thy power,

Subservient to thy will, will doubtless
do it:—

But thou wilt never have power, King Henry,
To make my heart repent its loyal faith.

Fitz. Oil pour'd on fire but makes it burn the fiercer—

Or I would urge (to ward the fatal shaft

Of England's wrath) terms—

Bouv. Of submission? hey!

Thou'rt bought, I see; and like a tutor'd elephant

(Without his generosity) set on

To lure thy friends to bondage.

Blois. Wilt thou hold

This tune i' th' fight?

Bouv. Ay, Blois; and make thee dance to 't.

Blois. Well, thou art brave, and worth a hecatomb

Of such smooth would-be peace-makers.

Guise. Thou'lt find

Duke Robert will not be compell'd to yield

His state, for want of friends.

Duke. Direct me, Heav'n!

King. Art thou resolv'd on war?

Duke. I would avoid it.

King. Thou know'st the means.

Prince. No mitigation?

King. None;

Nor must *Thou* offer mediation now.

The Duke degrades himself; insults our dignity;

And sets at nought thy love!

Prince. My gracious father!

Lingaria's wile, and not my uncle's
Inflicts this wound on your paternal peace.

I will not disobey your high commands

By mediating 'twixt you:—but, my liege,

Permit me to conciliate.—Dear uncle,
This breach may be repair'd:—one gentle word—

Duke. What! bow, kneel, supplicate and weep, and fawn,

To deprecate a younger brother's wrath?

A perjurer, usurper and invader!
Nephew; no more.

Prince. I've done. Some fiend presides,

And writes in characters of blood the fate

Of mighty William's progeny. Oh! father!

King. Dear youth! be calm.—
Art thou determin'd, Robert?

Duke. I've poorly cast myself so low; proud King,

Thy haughty heart can scarcely wish for more!

In doing which, I've wrong'd myself and thee.

Myself, by manifesting to the world
A weakness inconsistent with my state,
And well-earn'd glory.—Thou, as my concessions

Have made thee proud and obstinately bent

In thy ambitious schemes against my Duchy.

Yet be assur'd, my wishes to preserve
Thy friendship, Henry, and my country's peace,

Do not proceed from fear, nor lack of means—

King. [*Impatiently.*] Well; put it to the sword, and talk no more.

Duke. Agreed. Conduct King Henry and his suite

In safety to his camp.

[*Flourishes.* *Exeunt* KING HENRY and the ENGLISH PEERS. *The PRINCE lingers, looks back, bursts into tears, and throws himself into his uncle's arms.*]

Duke. My virtuous nephew!

Here my heart bleeds.—Thy stern, relentless Sire!

He will not, surely, grudge this one embrace!

A last—O William!—break my swelling heart—

And spare my brother's soul the sin of fratricide.

Adieu, dear youth!—armies of angels guard thee.

Go, go, go, go!—That painful struggle's o'er. [*The Prince rushes off.*]

Bohun, collect my force at Tenechbrai; [*Exit Bouvais.*]

There will we give him battle. Guise, prepare

My chariots, steeds, and armour!
This will be [*Exit Guise.*]

The last of Robert's wars.—Ha! how shall I

Regard thee, Reginald? Lingaria's arts—

Fitz. Nay, rather say her duty.

Duke. Fye! fye! fye!

Fitz. Her loyal faith—

Duke. Hath ruined me. Away,

Collect what sums thou canst;—pawn
all my plate;—
The jewels of my coronet convert
To gold and silver coin. We shall
need all
Thy wisdom and Lingaria's wit can
win. [Exit Fitzurse.]
[Solus.]
I had a dream last night—Oh! such
a dream!
Methought I was in darkness; and
my eyes
Sought, vainly, for the cheering light
of day.
My other senses were in full perfection,
And felt, most painfully, this heavy
darkness.
Methought I also counted days and
months,
Till eight-and-twenty tedious years
had pass'd

Over my desolate and darken'd life.
Why is my soul so heavy? Days of
Palestine,
Return,—and on your golden wings of
glory
Waft here the spirit of the Holy Land,
And nerve my sinews with their
wonted strength.
Why should I quail? Come, ven-
geance, steel my arm!
Fraternal love—my soul, renounce it!
Justice, perch proudly on my warlike
banner,
And lead thy bold crusader to his
birthright,
The throne of conquering Rollo!
[Trumpets.] Rapturous sounds,
Ye call my swelling heart, once more,
to glory. [Exit.]

(End of the Third Act.)

THEATRICAL SCALE OF MERIT,

Modelled after the Plan of M. de Piles' Scale of Painters.

Is the annexed scale, we have endeavoured to give a summary, and, we trust, a just view of the merits of the present various candidates for histrionic fame. As we never wilfully pillage the dead, we freely avow the idea is borrowed from the celebrated M. de Piles' scale of painters, which we believe was successfully imitated some years ago by a physician of genius, who applied it to the poets of this country. M. de Piles divided painting into four branches—composition, design, colouring, and expression—in the same manner, we think, that the acting of tragedy, independent of secondary qualifications, demands the following five—genius, judgment, expression, action, and voice. Comedy exacts different requisites; the genius of Thalia implies a perfect knowledge of the ridiculous, while that of the sister art consists in a just acquaintance with the various passions to which the human frame is subjected; judgment, of course, is in both indispensable. To these two requisites, we add *vis comica* and *variety*, the last of which, though necessary in tragedy, is absolutely so in comedy, for the characters of private life, which are the natural objects of mirth and ridicule, are more diversified than those of heroes and villains. We, therefore, esteem four requisites for comedy—genius, judgment, *vis comica*, and variety. After the design of M. de Piles, we divide our weights of comparison into twenty degrees, and suppose the twenty to be the height of perfection, which, we will say, consists in carrying the illusion so far as to deceive the spectator into the belief that it is not a scene “of well-painted passion” he is witnessing, but that the actor is the very

being he personates. Now we doubt, notwithstanding all that has been written of Betterton and Garrick's excellence, whether such an astonishing degree of perfection has ever yet been attained, and, therefore, we will place the nineteenth degree as the perfection at which some of our actors have arrived in particular characters; as, for instance, Kean in Sir Giles Overreach, Young in the Stranger, Farren in Lord Ogleby, Macready in *Virginius*, C. Kemble in *Guido*, &c. &c. &c. But as no single actor can be fairly said to have constantly reached the above degree in all his characters, we have set down the eighteenth as the highest of which we have any instance.

SCALE OF TRAGEDIANS.					
Performers.	Genius.	Judgment.	Expression.	Action.	Voice.
Young	17	18	18	18	18
Kean	18	17	18	16	16
Macready	17	16	18	17	18
Charles Kemble	16	18	17	18	16
Warde	10	13	12	12	17
Wallack	12	13	14	15	17
Bennett	14	13	15	14	17
Cooper	11	14	15	14	16
Abbott	10	12	11	14	16
Serle	12	15	10	13	8
Yates	12	14	12	15	16
Aitkin	8	11	10	12	16
J. Vining	9	12	11	12	10
Younge	8	12	9	12	12
Cobham*	14	15	14	14	17
Miss Kelly	18	18	18	18	16
Miss Kemble	18	†	17	17	17
Miss Phillips	14		15	16	17
Miss Lacy	9	12	8	14	14
Mrs. Faucit	10	13	13	14	16
Miss Jarmin	11	13	11	13	15
Mrs. Egerton	12	15	14	16	17
Mrs. Bunn	14	14	14	16	16
Miss F. H. Kelly . . .	14	9	14	10	17

* Lest some of our readers should think we have overrated Mr. Cobham's abilities, we have to confess that latterly his acting has been deformed by rant and exaggeration; but, at a minor theatre, like the Coburg, the player is compelled to sacrifice his judgment to the galleries. The modern stage affords few efforts of genius superior to Mr. Cobham's acting in the last scene of *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*.

† Of this lady's judgment, it would be impossible to give an opinion, for we know not what advantages she may have derived from her instructors.

SCALE OF COMEDIANS.				
Performers.	Genius.	Judgment.	Vis Comica.	Variety.
C. Kemble	18	18	18	18
Jones	16	18	17	10
Farren	17	18	18	12
Dowton	18	18	18	17
Liston	18	15	18	12
Harley	15	10	14	8
Keeley	17	13	17	13
Bartley	10	17	15	15
Mathews	18	18	18	18
Yates	15	16	14	18
Blanchard	16	17	17	15
Reeve	18	13	18	16
Webster	13	17	10	17
Browne	9	10	8	16
Rayner	14	16	13	12
Wrench	10	10	15	8
Power	17	18	18	10
F. Vining	10	11	9	13
Mrs. Glover	18	18	17	16
Miss Foote	10	10	10	10
Madame Vestris	16	14	15	13
Miss Mordaunt	14	14	15	13
Mrs. C. Jones	16	16	16	15
Mrs. Humby	8	8	12	8
Miss Kelly	18	18	18	18

THE GUILTY MOTHER.

A Translation of Beaumarchais' Comedy of LA MERE COUPABLE, being a Sequel to the MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

(Continued from page 144.)

ACT IV.—SCENE, *An Apartment in the Castle of Count Almariva.*

Enter FIGARO.

THE appointed hour has almost arrived for this Neapolitan to send his messenger: Susannah is posted to intercept him on his entrance. If this project fail, I know not what may be the consequence; for I have either lost my senses, or I saw my master and Moreno come from my lady's chamber

arm in arm together! Was there ever such an arch villain, to persuade the Countess to burn the papers, that she might not discover that one was missing, and then escape the explanation which I thought unavoidable. Yes: my suspicions were right. This Signor must be the devil himself: I almost think I discerned his cloven

foot, the only part about the black gentleman which my poor mother always said he could not conceal. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Egad, I begin to recover my spirits a little, for the million of piastres are safe with the notary; and if this packet of blank paper [*takes a sealed packet from his pocket*], addressed to Naples, should produce—[*Susannah and a muleteer appear at a distant door.*] Ah! there's Susannah with a muleteer! [*the muleteer enters*]; now every good genius aid me!

Mul. You are the secretary of Don Moreno, I am informed, Signor.

Fig. The same; and if you are on your way to Naples, I have expected you some time.

Mul. Is the packet ready?

Fig. It is; but where is the pledge that the Signor gave you to prevent my mistakes?

Mul. 'Tis here. [*Gives the ring, and takes the packet.*]

Fig. This is indeed my master's ring. He begs you to accept this trifle for your pains, and wishes you a prosperous journey. Be careful of the packet; 'tis of the utmost value. Fare you well.

Mul. Signor, adieu! [*Exit.*]

Fig. Now, Carlos—[*Carlos opens a closet door, and comes forward.*] There [*Gives him the ring.*] Now to your post within the vestibule, until you hear me stamp thus. [*Stamps his foot.*]

Carl. I will not fail at the concerted signal. [*Retires into the vestibule.*]

Fig. Just in the nick, for here Moreno comes, I vow!

Enter MORENO.

So, Signor Figaro. [*Sarcastically.*]

Fig. [*Dryly.*] I have to express my thanks, Signor, for the pleasant journey you have arranged for me.

Mor. Bear malice for so mere a trifle! it is not worth a thought. We have all our little gratifications, you know.

Fig. And yours seem to be, to plead your cause in private.

Mor. [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*] It is not necessary that a wizard should hear every thing, who is so good at guessing.

Fig. Every one makes the best use he can of the little talent with which heaven has endowed him.

Mor. And does the busy-body hope to turn those talents to great account, of which he has given us a specimen?

Fig. Not staking any thing himself, he is sure to win if he can make the other lose.

Mor. [*Angrily, off his guard.*] The other! Whom, if you please?

Fig. [*Smiling.*] The other? Why—the cap fitted, and you have put it on.

Mor. We shall see Signor Figaro's game.

Fig. You will see none of those brilliant strokes which dazzle the multitude. But [*assuming a tone of simplicity*] “every one for himself, and heaven for us all!”

Mor. [*Smiling.*] A pretty quotation! Then recollect, too, that “the sun shines on all alike.”

Fig. [*Sternly.*] Yes, in darting its rays on the envenomed serpent, writhing to sting the hand of his imprudent benefactor.

Mor. [*Furiously.*] Serpent!

Fig. Serpent, that every honest foot [*stamping*] should crush. [*Carlos appears in the vestibule. Exit Figaro.*]

Mor. [*Keeping his eyes fixed on him till he is out of sight.*] The fellow carries it with a high hand! He no longer masks his designs. Well, so much the better, he knows nought of mine; could he imagine that at midnight—

Car. [*Coming forward.*] Signor, will you be pleased to tell me where I can find one Don Moreno?

Mor. What want you with him, friend?

Car. I am directed to take charge of his Italian despatches.

Mor. I am Moreno, but expected also to receive some by him to whom mine were to be delivered.

Car. I have brought nothing for you but this ring.

Mor. 'Tis sufficient. Now carefully convey this packet to him who sent you hither. [*Figaro peeps in.*] Take this to cheer you on your way. [*Exit Carlos.*] What have I done with the acknowledgment and receipt! Oh, here it is. [*Figaro goes across the hall from the corridor into the vestibule.*] “Received—Signor—notary—million—specified—bills—bearer—Madrid—this—Almaviva!” Ah, ha! at length I hold the money and the ward. But

this is not enough; the man is weak, and the Countess still has power over him. Nay, seeing her more a victim than an accomplice, has some affection for her yet; and there will be neither convent nor divorce, unless I raise a conflict between them, which will force an explanation. Hold! hold! let me not hazard it to-night; in so disagreeable an affair, it is not well to be precipitant. It will be time enough to-morrow, when I shall have fast riveted the sacramental links which will enchain us altogether. Well [*pressing both his hands on his breast*], rebellious transports of delight, that swell my heart, can ye contain yourselves no longer? Thou blest credulity! to thee, the favoured bridegroom is indebted for a lovely, aye, and well-endowed bride. Pale goddess of the night! from thee he soon receives a beautiful, but unwilling maid. Who shall sing the epithalamium? who is the poet worthy of composing it? Moreno, happy Moreno! why call thyself Moreno any longer? Thou art already more than half the Count Almaviva; one step more, Moreno, and thou art the Count entirely. Yes: but I must first get rid of Figaro, he weighs upon my heart; 'twas he who brought the Count. The least mischance, as things now tottering stand, might ruin all. 'Tis the most sharp-sighted knave; but courage, he'll soon be packing hence with his amorous knight-errant. [*Going out, is met by Susannah.*] Ah! Susannah, one word with you, my child, before the family assembly.

Sus. What family assembly?

Mor. Ah! ah! The family assembly, child, is a conference [*with exultation*] with the Count, the Countess, her son, Florestina, and myself, upon the grand object of which I told you.

Sus. What! after what happened in my lady's apartment, can you have any hopes?

Mor. Hopes! they are at an end, I only marry his Excellency's daughter this very night.

Sus. His Excellency's daughter!

Mor. But, my Susannah, what say they? You, who are in the confidence of them all, come, tell me, tell me, do they think well of me? that is the important point.

Sus. The important point would

be, to know what talisman you employ to captivate their senses. The Count never speaks of you but with enthusiasm; my mistress with gratitude. Her son has no hope on earth but in his tutor. Florestina reveres you!

Mor. And Susannah?

Sus. Faith! Susannah, Signor, admires you. Amidst the most terrible disorder which you raise, you alone are calm. I think I see some mighty genius setting a world in motion.

Mor. [*Animated.*] Nothing more easy, child; know that all sublimary affairs turn upon two pivots—morality and policy. Morality merely consists in being just and true, and is the key, 'tis said, of some insipid virtues.

Sus. And policy?—

Mor. Ah, policy!—policy is a creative faculty; the art of governing mankind by sporting with events and men. Its ends are interest; its means, intrigue; scruple alone can injure it: 'tis the state secret of placemen and negotiators.

Sus. If morality do not warm you, policy seems to excite—

Mor. Hey? No, 'twas you with your comparison of a mighty genius. But we are interrupted—

Sus. Here is Leon.

Mor. Leave us together, Susannah. [*Exit Susannah.*]

Enter LEON.

Leon. Signor Moreno, I am driven to despair!

Mor. [*With a tone of protection.*] Why, what has happened, my young friend?

Leon. My father has just given me his peremptory order, and in the harshest manner, to prepare for my departure to Malta in two days, with only Figaro to accompany me.

Mor. This conduct must appear capricious in the extreme to those who do not know the secret; but to us who have penetrated it, it is clear that he deserves our compassion. This journey is the fruit of a very excusable apprehension: Malta and your vows are the mere pretexts;—an attachment at which he shudders is the real motive.

Leon. But [*sorrowfully*] as you marry her?—

Mor. [*Confidentially.*] If her bro-

ther be earnestly desirous to postpone his journey—

Leon. O most certainly.

Mor. I see but one method—

Leon. Dearest friend, O name it!

Mor. That the Countess, your mother, should overcome that extreme timidity which prevents her from having a will of her own; for her meekness injures you even more than too much firmness could.

Leon. It does, it does.

Mor. Supposing that any wretch had prejudiced the Count against you, who, like a mother, has a right to call him back to reason. Engage her to attempt it, Leon; not to-night—to-morrow, without betraying any weakness.

Leon. My dearest friend, you are ever in the right. It must be that fear alone actuates my father, and no one but my mother can induce him to revoke the cruel order. See, here she comes, and with her [*sighs*] her whom I dare adore no longer. Oh, worthy Signor Moreno, make her happy.

Mor. [*Caressingly.*] In always talking to her of her brother.

[*Enter the COUNTESS, FLORESTINA, and SUSANNAH.*]

Countess. Bring me my diamonds. [*Susannah goes back again.*]

Mor. Countess Almaviva, Signora Florestina,—permit me, instead of attending you to his Excellency, to withdraw, and leave you to be conducted by my young friend, whose sentiments and mine, in every particular, most perfectly accord. But, alas! disinterested friendship constrains me to conjure you not to bestow a thought on the felicity which I should know in becoming so closely allied to you all; 'tis your own happiness that must be considered. Whatsoever, if aught, it may be in my power to promote, it shall be contributed in such mode as you may think proper to pronounce; but whether Signora Florestina shall determine to bestow on me, or to refuse her hand, hear my irrevocable declaration, that the fortune which I have just inherited shall now be hers by marriage-contract or, one day, by bequest, and I am this instant going to have the

instrument prepared. After what I have premised, it would be indecorous that my presence should influence a decision which should be made in perfect freedom: but, be it what it may, O my dearest friends, it will be to me a sacred law. [*Exit.*]

Countess. [*Keeping her eyes fixed on him till he is out of sight.*] He is an angel sent from heaven to alleviate all our woes!

Leon. Oh, Florestina, we must yield! An insuperable bar opposing our union, the first transports of our grief prompted us to vow never to be united to any other; I will fulfil that vow, for I do not wholly lose you, since I find a sister in her in whom I hoped to have possessed a wife; we may still love each other.

Sus. [*Returning*] Here are the diamonds, madam.

Countess. My Florestina bestows her hand upon Moreno [*taking her ear-rings and bracelets from Susannah, and putting them on without noticing them*]; his noble conduct renders him worthy of her; and since this union makes your guardian happy, it may e'en be consummated this very night.

Sus. [*Aside.*] This very night! [*Exit.*]

Flo. [*Aside.*] Merciful heaven!

Countess. For our part, my son, let us never betray a knowledge of that of which we are considered ignorant. You weep, my Florestina!

Flo. Have pity on me, madam! Ah, how can I support the various shocks that all assail me in one day! Scarcely do I learn to whom I really owe my being, than I must renounce my parent, and deliver myself a victim. Ah! I am almost overcome with grief and apprehension! Without any plausible objection to make of Signor Moreno, my heart is agonized when I think on him as a husband. But—it must be so,—I must sacrifice myself to the well-being of a dear brother whose felicity I can no otherwise insure. You say I weep: alas! I make a greater sacrifice than in laying down my life to serve him: I cannot think on it without horror. Oh, my dear mother, take pity on us!—bless your children! [*They kneel to the Countess.*] they are very miserable!

Countess. My children!—bless you! My dearest Florestina! Come,

my daughter, you will be happy; you will enjoy the happiness that spotless virtue only can bestow.

Flo. But do you really think that my submission will restore our Leon to the count's affection? for we must not deceive ourselves; his unjust prejudice is carried even to hatred.

Countess. My dearest child, I hope so.

Leon. Signor Moreno hopes so too: but he thinks also that none but my dear mother could effect so great a miracle. Have you the resolution to speak to him in my behalf.

Countess. I often have attempted it, my child, but without any visible effect.

Leon. O my dearest mother, it is your gentleness that injures me: the fear of contradicting him has too long prevented the exertion of that influence which your virtue, and the profound respect which every body bears for you, must necessarily give. If you were to speak to him courageously he could not possibly resist.

Countess. Do you think so, Leon? I will make the attempt before you. Your reproach afflicts me almost as much as his injustice.

[Enter SUSANNAH.]

But that your presence may not restrain the good report that I would with justice make of you, you shall remain in an adjoining room, whence you may hear me plead a cause so just. [*Calling.*] Susannah! [*To him.*] You shall no longer accuse a mother of want of energy when her son is to be defended. [*Susannah comes forward.*] Susannah, beg the Count to take the trouble to meet me in my apartment.

Sus. What, [*Astonished.*] in your apartment? Madam, you make me tremble!—What is all this about?—How!—the Count!—the Count, who never—

Countess. Do as I direct you, Susannah, and be under no apprehension. [*Exit Susannah.*] Come, Leon. For you, my Florestina, your presence would also lay me under some restraint: retire to your chamber, and offer up your innocent supplications that heaven may strengthen my endeavours to restore long absent peace to my desolated family. [*Exit, holding Leon and Florestina by the arm.*] My beloved children!

(*To be continued.*)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

KING'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY, July 27. — *Donna Caritea*. — *L'Inganno Felice*. — *Massaiello*. For the benefit of Madame Lalande.

For a critique of the music of the above opera, we might safely refer our readers to the remarks* on *Elisa e Claudio*, of the same composer. The music, though uniformly tasty, is distinguished by few instances of originality or brilliancy of genius.

The story is extremely simple and interesting. Don Alfonso, the King of Portugal, enraged by Donna Caritea's (the Queen of Spain) refusal of his hand, invades her territories, to force her to an union with him. The Queen, while preparing to give him battle, is saved from being precipitated into the Tagus, through the bravery of Don Diego, a young warrior. Donna Caritea, in gratitude for his services, not only makes him her general, but yields to him her heart. The two armies meet, the Spaniards are defeated, and the queen and her

lover are taken prisoners (their rank fortunately being unknown), and they effect an escape and retire to Toledo, which place is attacked by Alfonso. Don Diego appears, and proposes that the possession of Caritea's hand should be decided by single combat between them. The challenge is accepted, and Alfonso is slain.

Donzelli, as the King; Lalande, as the Queen; and Malibran, as Don Diego, did full justice to the music assigned them. Madame Malibran was encored in a very beautiful aria in the second scene.

We have not given the usual Journal this month, as the above was the only novelty produced.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

June 28.—Othello.—Wedding Day.—Tom Thumb.

29.—Speed the Plough.—Popping the Question.—Barber of Seville.

30.—Charles the Twelfth.—Popping the Question.—Happiest Day of my Life.—Spectre Bridegroom.

July 1.—Quite Correct.—Separation and Reparation.*—Manœuvering.—Agreeable Surprise.

2.—New Way to Pay Old Debts.—Three Weeks after Marriage.—The Rencontre.

3.—The Goldsmith.—Separation and Reparation.—Sweethearts and Wives.

5.—Merchant of Venice.—Wedding Day.—Youth, Love, and Folly.

6.—Secrets worth Knowing.—Separation and Reparation.—John of Paris.

* *Dram. Per.*—Baron Malamour, Mr. Cooper. Von Grotius (a lawyer), Mr. W. Farren. Col. Esplanade, Mr. Brindal. Poppinoff (a game keeper), Mr. Webster. Angelique (niece to Madame Gilderland), Miss Mordaunt. Madame Gilderland, Mrs. Glover.

The scene of the new comedy is laid at the chateau of Madame Gilderland, where preparations are made for the reunion of the Baron Malamour and Angelique, which takes place under the following inauspicious circumstances. The Baron, many years previous, had married Angelique; but being under age, his father was enabled, from his high station, to have it annulled (with the entire concurrence of the husband). Madame Gilderland, however, by dint of solicitations, bribery, &c. has prevailed on the Grand Duke to issue an edict, compelling the Baron to make *reparation*, and remarry the lady. As the "happy pair" bear the most cordial antipathy to each other, it is agreed they shall separate in twenty-four hours, after having resided that time under the same roof. Von Grotius (an attorney, and the confidential friend of Madame Gilderland) receives a letter from the Grand Duke, desiring him, for sundry weighty state reasons, to prevent this separation; and is promised that, if he succeeds, the long desired title of Baron shall be conferred upon him. Von Grotius thinks this is a labour surpassing those of Hercules; but he resolves to attempt it, and by prevailing on a gay colonel to be very particular in his attentions to Angelique, he raises the Baron's jealousy (who it seems had some dormant regard for the lady); and by frequently hinting to both parties that each is violently in love with the other, but afraid to acknowledge it, effects his purpose.

Separation and Reparation is written by Mr. Morton; it is a very amusing piece of *patch-work*, without one original idea either in the language or incidents, as any old playgoer can testify. The former, however, is smart, but flippant and laboured. You could see clearly that the author was constantly *endeavouring* to be witty, and we cannot imagine why all the dramatis personæ should be constantly quoting Shakespeare. Farren, as the time-serving attorney, surprised us by the novelty as well as the comic excellence of his acting, for to his own dry inimitable humour he added the playfulness and eccentric drollery of Liston. The other characters were well sustained, but do not call for any separate encomium. The house was well attended.

- July 7.—Way to Keep Him.—Separation and Reparation.—'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror.
- 8.—The Rivals.—Separation and Reparation.—The Padlock.
- 9.—New Way to Pay Old Debts.—Popping the Question.—A Rowland for an Oliver.
- 10.—The Lottery Ticket.—Separation and Reparation.—Paul Pry.
- 12.—King Lear.*—Popping the Question.—Modern Antiques.
- 13.—Clandestine Marriage.—Separation and Reparation.—John of Paris.
- 16.—The Padlock.—The Force of Nature.†—Separation and Reparation.—Thirteen to the Dozen.
- 17.—Fortune's Frolic.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—John of Paris.
- 19.—Conjecture.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
- 20.—The Wonder.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.

* We never admired Mr. Kean's personation of Lear, in his best days; we always thought it partook too much of the dotage of senility, and was terribly deficient in grandeur and sublimity of passion. Again, it is lamentably disfigured by mannerism; and the mannerisms of this actor are by no means calculated to give effect to the character. Tameness is a fault with which we should hardly be supposed capable of charging Kean; yet his address to the elements was delivered in the most flat and insipid manner possible. Miss F. Kelly's Cordelia was too artificial and cold. This lady is a sort of Mr. Warde in petticoats; both are gifted with admirable voices, and both equally contrive to spoil them by their monotonous and artificial delivery. Mr. Cooper depicted the love, loyalty, and filial affection of Edgar with great truth and sensibility. Mr. Williams, as the honest Kent, was sufficiently energetic and blunt. We shall do the rest the favour of being silent. We had Tate's *version* of Lear this evening, which has more bombast and fustian in it than any melo-drame we ever witnessed. Is it not pitiful to hear Cordelia, "that divine perfection of a woman," ranting such stuff as "There, there are Gods! and virtue is their care."

At the conclusion Mr. Kean was called for; he appeared, led by Mr. Cooper, evidently labouring under severe indisposition, and thus briefly addressed his enthusiastic supporters:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The enfeebled state of my health, and fatigue, render me incapable of addressing you as I ought, but I feel your kindness here—here—here (repeatedly laying his hand on his heart); my constitution is much injured, but I shall ever gratefully and warmly feel your kindness." He retired amidst the loudest plaudits.

The house was crowded in every part.

† *Dram. Per.*—Philip, Mr. W. Farren. Count de Beauvais, Mr. Vining. Frederick, Mr. Cooper. Servants, Messrs. Coates, V. Webster, and Barnett. Matilda, Miss Mordaunt. Countess D'Harville, Mrs. Faucit.

During the sanguinary period of the French revolution the Countess D'Harville, the heiress of a noble house, had been condemned to the guillotine, when Philip, a soldier (from motives of gratitude), stepped from among the assembled crowd and claimed her as his bride. The Countess's release was obtained, and she married her deliverer. One son was the fruit of this union. Some years afterwards, the monarchy being restored, and the lady in possession of her property and titles, family pride so usurped her heart that she felt ashamed of her marriage with one so greatly her inferior, and prevailed on Philip to resign his marital rights and live in her house as her steward; while Frederick the son, unconscious of his mother's rank, is viewed in the light of an unknown orphan, the object of the Countess's benevolence. In addition to the above, the Countess has a favourite niece (Matilda) residing with her, who is the destined bride of the Count de Beauvais, a vain trifling coxcomb. Frederick entertains a most ardent love for Matilda, and, when frantic with his losses at a gaming table, ventures to disclose his passion towards her in a letter to her; this letter, by some accident, falls into the Countess's hands, who commands Frederick to quit her house for ever. While preparing to obey he is subject to the impertinent observations of Count de Beauvais, whom he challenges. Philip is made acquainted with this rash act, and is much alarmed, as the Count is considered the best swordsman

- July 21.—Lionel and Clarissa.*—The Force of Nature.
 22.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—Youth, Love, and Folly.
 23.—Belle's Stratagem.†—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.
 24.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—Hunter of the Alps.—Bon Ton.
 26.—The Foundling of the Forest.—Separation and Reparation.—Popping the Question.—Happiest Day of my Life.
 27.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.

ADELPHI.

With English Opera House Company.

- July 1.—Sister of Charity.—Lying made Easy.—Middle Temple.
 2.—Sister of Charity.—Gretna Green.—Amateurs and Actors.
 3.—Sister of Charity.—Lying made Easy.—Master's Rival.
 5.—Don Juan.‡—Amateurs and Actors.

in France. After vainly endeavouring to prevail on Frederick to avoid the meeting, as a last resource, he discloses the relationship between them. Frederick, though delighted at having found a father, cannot forego his purpose, and manages to escape from the room where the almost distracted Philip had confined him. An agonizing interview ensues between the Countess and her husband, for the maternal feelings of the former have been awakened through the fear of her son's danger; and when he returns triumphant she clasps him in her arms and proudly owns him for her son: and the curtain falls with the Countess joining the hands of Frederick and Matilda.

This drama proves a most gratifying exception to the miserable trash we are doomed to chronicle every month. Indeed we have seldom seen a two-act piece better acted, better written, or more deeply interesting, though at the same time it is burdened with some terrible incongruities. Of Farren's acting it is scarcely possible to speak in terms of panegyric too animated; his cynical humour at first was admirable, and in the serious scenes, the truth, sensibility, and force of his parental anxiety created a considerable sensation on his auditors. The sensibility of Farren, like that of Fawcett, is more calculated to awaken sympathy, because it is more unexpected. "Farren's tears are those of one unused to the melting mood," and always remind us of that fine description in the *Antiquary* of the sorrows of the old fisherman over his favourite child. Mrs. Faucit supported the family pride with proper dignity, and in the concluding scene acted with great feeling.

* Felix, Mr. Cooper. Violante, Miss Mordaunt. The author of this very entertaining and well constructed opera was the very prince of plagiarists; yet, unlike our modern pilferers, had the art of concealing his thefts to the general players, at least. It is truly amusing to read in his preface to this opera, which is founded on a comedy of Goldoni's, "that he was proud of the favourable opinion of the town" regarding it, "because, to the best of his knowledge, he had not borrowed an expression, a sentiment, or a character, from any dramatic writer extant." Miss Turpin personated Clarissa, and sung with much sweetness; but her acting was cold and inanimate. Horn sung with his usual taste as Lionel. Farren gave the robust humour of Oldbury with his characteristic force. We cannot speak so favourably of Mrs. Humby, the representative of his daughter, who substituted a chambermaid's pertness for the frank gaiety of the lively Diana. The character of Jessamy is now obsolete; Vining hit off the nonchalance, effrontery and frivolity of that contemptible animal with much exactitude. A tolerable house.

† *Letitia Hardy*, Miss Mordaunt, who played the part with much vivacity. Her assumption of the hoyden was particularly successful.

‡ With the whole of the original music, which is arranged by Mr. Hawes in his usual felicitous and scientific manner. We think, however, this opera might have

- July 6.—Don Juan.—Sister of Charity.
 7.—Don Juan.—Sister of Charity.
 8.—Don Juan.—Master's Rival.
 9.—Don Juan.—Military Tactics.—The Quartette.
 10.—Don Juan.—Sister of Charity.
 12.—Don Juan.—The Sergeant's Wife.
 13.—Don Juan.—The Sergeant's Wife.
 16.—The Skeleton Lover.*—Gretna Green.—The Middle Temple.
 17.—The Skeleton Lover.†—The Quartette.—Sister of Charity.
 19.—The Skeleton Lover.—He Lies like Truth.—The Sergeant's Wife.
 20.—Don Juan.—The Middle Temple.—The Quartette.

been better cast. Philips was certainly a spirited Giovanni, and sung with much taste, particularly that delightful Bacchanalian air at the conclusion, which was most rapturously applauded. Penon's Leporello was excellent in every respect. Miss Betts's Donna Anna was satisfactory, and Mr. Aldridge, from Bath, as the Ghost, tolerable. Mr. Miller, as Octavio, hardly tolerable. Miss Ferguson, from Dublin, intolerable. Mr. Thorne, as Mazetto, respectable. Mrs. Keeley obtained much applause in Zerlina, and contrived, by taste and sweetness, to atone for the very moderate compass of her voice. The opera was not enthusiastically received, for the house was badly attended.

* *Dram. Per.*—Ebert (rival to Count Rudolph), Mr. Hunt (his first appearance). Baron Von Glowenstein, Mr. Bartley. Count Rudolph (the lover), Mr. O. Smith. Hans Bobbs (his valet), Mr. Keeley. Balthazar Elzevir, Mr. W. Bennett. Stobel, Mr. Minton. Bonek (a blind fiddler), Mr. Salter. Constance (daughter of Baron Glowenstein), Miss H. Cawse. Peretta (niece to Elzevir), Mrs. Keeley. Baroness Von Glowenstein, Mrs. C. Jones.

Mr. Peake's new drama was stated in the bills to be founded on a scarce black-letter tract called the *Condign Punishment of a Transylvanian Necromancer*, from which the following is supposed to be an extract:—

"In the year 1165, a certain Hungarian, of noble birth, addicted himself to the study of the occult sciences. This Transylvanian necromancer became master of the forbidden mysteries, and was accursed of the world. He formed a league with the evil powers. Three centuries after 1165, it was positively ascertained that the Hungarian was in being. The conditions of this league with the spirits of darkness were, that the necromancer should enjoy a lengthened existence and continued bloom of youth for five centuries; but this supposed advantage was to be counterbalanced by the horrible tenure, that the Hungarian should, at a certain hour every night, become a skeleton! and remain so until sunrise. The necromancer, in his compact, had this chance thrown in his favour:—for every virgin heart he could undermine, and every female he could lead into the paths of sin, he was to be rewarded with an additional year of his charmed life."

The serious portion of this drama is not utterly devoid of ingenuity and interest, though all the incidents have been long familiar to the stage, being for the most part stolen from *The Vampire*, *The Wanderer*, *One o'Clock*, &c. But what the author intended to be comic was execrably bad, for we never, in the whole course of our theatrical experience, heard such a collection of coarse, stale and disgusting puns, and other attempts at wit. We are led to think the author had been sojourning at the Point at Portsmouth, or some pot-house in the heart of St. Giles's, in order to collect the most vulgar and indecent ribaldry possible. Of the acting we have but little to say. Mr. Keeley, for about the five hundredth time, personated a silly, cowardly, inquisitive valet. Mr. Bartley was a tedious old gentleman. Mr. O. Smith looked as demoniacal as usual. Mrs. C. Jones represented a vulgar old lady, who takes every thing that is said in the literal sense, and for a wonder was very heavy. Miss H. Cawse sung sweetly; so did also Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Hunt (from the Surrey) was much applauded in one of his songs; he is certainly an acquisition to the company. The music, by Rodwell, is pleasing and appropriate. When Mr. Bartley appeared to announce the drama for repetition, the cries of "No, No," were loud and universal.

† Contrary to all expectation the *Skeleton Lover* was repeated. It has been considerably curtailed, but is totally unworthy of Mr. Peake's abilities.

- 21.—The Skeleton Lover.—The Middle Temple.—Sister of Charity.
 22.—Don Juan.—Gretna Green.—The Sergeant's Wife.
 24.—The Skeleton Lover.—Don Juan.
 26.—The Skeleton Lover.—Sister of Charity.—The Quartette.
 27.—Der Vampyr.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—Sergeant's Wife.

MINOR THEATRES.

ASTLEY'S.—*Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.* This spectacle has been produced in a style of splendour perfectly astonishing. The palace of Aladdin is a most gorgeous scene, and the various processions, &c. are admirably arranged. Cartlich played the hero, and Gomersal the usurper. Le Clerc's dumb slave was highly effective.

JULY 15th. *The Fall of Algiers*, from the pen of Somerset, is creditable to his talents. A shipwreck is introduced in the first act, and is managed with great ingenuity. The concluding scene represents a grand attack by sea and land. The views of Algiers we understand are extremely correct.

We are glad to observe that the popular favour keeps pace with the unwearied anxiety of the managers in devising amusements.

SURREY.—*The Press-gang; or Archibald of the Wreck.* The story may be thus described: Arthur Granby, when at a very early age, was pressed on board a man-of-war, from which he deserted, and joined a merchant's crew. On his return from a long voyage, he is married to the long-wished-for object of his affection, with which incident the drama commences. As the happy pair are leaving the church, a press-gang enter and capture the despairing husband, and carry him to their ship, which proves to be the identical one that he had deserted from many years before. Arthur is condemned to undergo the usual punishment of a deserter; when just as it is on the point of being inflicted, it is discovered that Granby, who had been kidnapped from his parents when a child, is a peer of the realm, and therefore not liable to be pressed. This drama is written by a very superior minor dramatist, Mr. Jerrold, and the incidents are truly dramatic, and wrought up so artfully, as to produce the deepest sympathy and attention. The plot is rather irregular, and we cannot speak very highly of the denouement, which is far too abrupt and improbable. To Mr. T. P. Cooke, of course, was assigned the arduous part of the deserter, who played it in his usual inimitable style. In the scene after he has made his escape from the vessel, to obtain an interview with his bride, he displayed tragic powers of the very first order. Mr. Osbaldistone played a very mysterious personage, who resides on the wreck of a ship, and who, it appears in the end, had killed Granby's father in a duel. Mr. Vale was as amusing as usual, as a bachelor, who could not make up his mind to marry. Miss Scott made an interesting heroine.

SATURDAY, JULY 19th.—*The Press Gang—Valpurg's Eve, or the Doom of the Demon Knight.*—The Demon Knight has murdered his father, and, as a punishment, is condemned to roam the earth, encumbered with a heart of fire, till he can persuade some victim to commit a similar crime; he very opportunely meets with a deformed outlaw, the son of a female peasant, who had been deserted, and left to perish by her seducer, a wealthy and powerful baron; he easily falls into the Demon's snares, who first alters his whole appearance, and then conveys him to his father's mansion; finding, however, that the baron has some compunctious visiting of remorse, and is not altogether indifferent about the fate of his deserted child, he refuses to obey the Demon's mandates, and the drama ends with their reconciliation.

The greater part of this piece is very silly, but some of the situations are really well imagined; the first interview between the father and his forsaken child, when the latter entreats him not to spurn him off, might be worked up to produce a very powerful effect. Mr. T. P. Cooke, by the thrilling solemnity of his voice, and his mysterious gestures, did more for the *Demon Knight* than the author. We could not help thinking what an awful effect this actor would produce, as the "buried majesty of Denmark."

Mr. Osbaldistone, the outlaw, ought to have exhibited some visible signs of deformity; his acting was energetic.

Mr. Almer, an actor belonging to the company, is the author.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.—*Metempsychosis; or the Picture Fiend.*—The plot of this drama is wild and romantic in the extreme, and moreover, not very intelligible.

Albert Wolfenstein, while despairingly musing on the loss of his love, who is shortly to be married to his friend Frederick Stat, receives intelligence that the banker with whom he placed the whole of his immense fortune, had absconded; thus reduced from affluence to poverty, he resolves to try the effect of supernatural aid, for he had lately discovered, by an old manuscript, that he possessed a picture in which a demon was imprisoned. The fiend on being summoned, agrees that he shall immediately change form with his happy rival.

After various incidents, as Albert is on the point of marrying the lady, the villany is discovered, and the fiend put in possession of his victim.

A portion of the language is very tolerable; but the author is too fond of similes, and among the latter, we detected many an old friend. The piece was well played. We have always considered Mr. Bennet as an actor of no ordinary talent,—his performance this evening more than strengthened that opinion. In one scene he gave a most powerful and just delineation of the agonies of remorse. Mr. Melrose has wonderfully improved as an actor—his Frederick was very respectable. Mr. Wilkinson was as quaint and laughable as ever.

TUESDAY, JULY 27th.—Mrs. Chapman's May Grashan is a very affecting, tearful piece of acting, and reminded us of her inimitable sister. A Mr. Cooper, from Dover, possesses much of comic excellence.

COBURG.—Mr. T. Dibdin's new drama of *Darnley, or The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, is really a very agreeable and admirably enacted production. The story principally turns upon the various misadventures which befel Darnley, the hero, through the malevolence of a designing and ambitious relation. Darnley was very adequately supported by Mr. Forester. Mr. Davidge, as an honest bold yeoman, was highly characteristic and humorous, and Mr. H. Kemble, as the bluff King Harry in his juvenile days, was astonishing, calm, and correct. Mr. Serle's acting, in the little he had to do as his Majesty of France, was as sensible and impressive as usual. The scenery is excellent, particularly the last, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. We must not forget the combat of eight, which was admirably sustained.

Mr. Weekes and Mr. Barrymore have been playing here during the month.

MISCELLANIES.

MR. KEAN'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

KING'S THEATRE, July 19.—The doors were opened at six o'clock, and in less than a quarter of an hour the immense pit and gallery, and every one of the numerous boxes in each tier were not only crammed full of spectators, but literally overflowed, and till half-past six, all the lobbies and stairs were crowded with disappointed hundreds in vain seeking for any situation where even a glimpse of the stage might be obtained. In addition to the usual audience part, the whole of the orchestra was appropriated to the spectators, and the stage was so thronged, that it was impossible to keep the crowd out of sight of the audience. On the curtain rising, for the performance of the fourth act of *Richard*, Mr. Kean was discovered in full regal state on his throne. The tumult that was raised on his appearance was unremitting for many minutes, during which Mr. Kean descended, advanced to the front of the stage, bowed repeatedly, and resumed his throne. A sea song from Mr. Anderson, and a well-known comic song by Harley, filled up the interim between *Richard the Third* and *The Merchant of Venice*. The selections from this play were Shylock's celebrated scene in the third act with Salanio, Salarino, and Tubal, and the trial scene from the fourth act. Mr. Kean performed Shylock with undiminished energy and effect. Miss Betts then appeared, and sung "The Soldier tired," the stage being re-arranged for the fifth act of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, which followed. Owing to his indifferent support, or from a desire to draw the attention of the rest of the audience from the interruption of its noisier portion, Mr. Kean's Sir Giles appeared but a coarse imitation of himself in the part which he so admirably performed last week at the little theatre opposite. At the conclusion of this piece, the disposition to riot in the house had so much increased, that though Miss Betts succeeded in obtaining a hearing for the English version of "Non piu mesta," Mr. Anderson's

"Storm," in character, that followed, was seized on as a butt for the uproar, which, we were sorry to find, continued even through the second act of *Macbeth*, which followed, to such excess, that the dagger soliloquy was little more than dumb show. Mr. Ducrow's attitudes as the Grecian Statues, which need but the attention of the eye, were a great relief amid the turmoil. The third act of *Othello*, however, with which the performances concluded, was listened to with more becoming attention. Cooper was Iago, and Miss Jarman made a first and only appearance this season as Desdemona, which she acted unexceptionably, as did Mr. Kean the Moor. Some time after the curtain had fallen, it re-rose, and Mr. Kean, still vested with his Moorish costume, was led on the stage by Mr. Cooper. He advanced to the foot-lights, where he remained, unable to obtain a hearing for nearly five minutes. The clamour was almost deafening, and some wreaths were cast on the stage. The multitude who had been crowded behind the scenes had now pressed on the stage, and joined in the applause, shouts, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. At last Mr. Kean spoke to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I hope that none of you can understand the pain and agitation which fills my heart at this climax of my career, or the acute suffering I endure, now that I am about to quit the country that has given me birth, and the public whom I have adored, to visit a land where perhaps nothing but ill-health and sorrow await me. I feel it quite impossible to express my gratitude for the constant ebullitions of your approbation which you have this night, and always bestowed on me. For the favour and popularity I have always enjoyed, this performance in one night of all my favourite characters, which in one night I have never before performed, and none of which I shall ever perform again, was the best, the only return my gratitude could make you. I have always enjoyed your approbation, I will not more particularly allude to past or future events; and now that I am about to leave you for ever, most earnestly from my heart I entreat you that you will suffer no empyrics to usurp the dramatic throne to the drama's disgrace and ruin. I am so completely overcome and exhausted by my exertions to-night, that I find it out of my power to address you any longer; but though perhaps an actor has no right to speak on subjects that do not immediately concern himself, I must and will venture to assert, that the well-doing of the stage and drama is of the utmost consequence and import to a country's morality and its consistency. Ladies and Gentlemen, the time has now at last arrived for me to return you all my most fervent thanks, and to bid you a long,—a last farewell."

Mr. Kean then bowed, amid continued plaudits and acclamations, and, supported by the same gentleman, made his final exit from the London stage.*

NEW MUSIC.

Clarke's Piano Forte Catechism. R. COCKS & Co.

This is a useful little book; very sensibly and completely arranged, by J. Clarke, Professor of Music. It gives, in the form of question and answer, all the practical rudiments of music, necessary for the young piano-forte player. It is written in a simple, intelligent style, and must prove of considerable service both to the master and pupil.

Principles of Singing, by W. FORDE. R. COCKS & Co.

A concise, but judicious manual of the rules of the Italian school, to which every one desiring to sing, should pay attention. A work of the sort was much wanted. Nothing can be less complicated than the knowledge required to sing a song agreeably, and in a classical style; and yet of the multitude of singers, public and private, we meet with, how few execute the task even moderately well. We recommend Mr. Forde's short, but convincing observations on the *Massa de Voce* Phrasing of Melody, Portamento, Respiration, &c. to all vocalisers, and assure them it is a sensible little work, that will greatly facilitate their improvement. Would not a short treatise on the Theory of Music be an excellent companion to the Principles?

* This silly speech has been reported differently in almost the whole of the newspapers. Mr. Kean's profits were upwards of 1300*l*.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.—MISS KEMBLE.—The house on Monday evening was elegantly and fashionably attended, and was filled in every part. Charles Kemble, who played Mercutio, was received with a hearty and warm greeting of recognition; and Abbot, the former lessee, with a manifestation of ardent and friendly feeling, a testimony as well to his professional talents as to his private worth. The cheers and acclamations on the appearance of Miss Kemble were loud and enthusiastic: and she appeared greatly affected by the noisy cordiality of an Irish audience. Indeed throughout the performance, there appeared but one object, that of cheering her in her labours, and encouraging her by those plaudits calculated to inspire her with courage and confidence. So much has of late been said of the acts and conduct of performers in private life, that the persons assembled, and more particularly the ladies, who were very numerous, appeared anxious to bestow on virtue, in its most amiable and attractive shape, the utmost tribute of applause and approbation. Miss Kemble has yet much to learn, and, what is more difficult, she has much to unlearn. She has contracted an awkward habit of turning her head away, and sinking her chin almost upon her left shoulder, and a disfiguring practice of what is called looking under her eyes: the drawing tone in which she delivered some of the finest passages of Juliet, greatly deteriorated from their effect, and her manner of pronunciation in many words, is downright offensive to the ear. She almost invariably articulates the vowel "o" as if it were "au," and she elongates the sound to a painful extent—as thus in speaking to the Friar, "Aw!—shut—the—dawner." Her exclamation to the Nurse in the fourth act, and her application of the epithet cockatrice, was pronounced—cawk—a—troise. Mercy she pronounced mawercy, and so on. These errors should be avoided, and we are sure that to one of her good sense—for we understand that although not scarcely nineteen years of age, she is by no means deficient in that quality—it is only necessary to point them out. Her scene with the Nurse, after the return of the latter from her first interview with Romeo, and that in which she takes the potion prepared by the Friar, were decidedly her best.—*Abridged from the Dublin Evening Mail.*

CORK.—Miss Paton is playing here

to empty benches. The mayor of this city would not permit her to perform with her paramour.

LIVERPOOL.—THE DRAMA.—The taste for tragedy in this country is evidently on the decline: if it were not, the house would not have exhibited a melancholy show of empty benches on Saturday night, when the *Gamester* was played as well as ever we remember to have seen it on the metropolitan boards. Mr. Vanderhoff, who had the preceding night been labouring to very little purpose in comedy, sustained the part of the weak fond husband with more than his accustomed excellence. The audience, such as it was, testified their approbation loudly and sincerely. The dying scene might be pronounced full of life. Mr. Vanderhoff went through the agonies, arising from remorse and passion, with a terrible minuteness, which have been acquired only by an attentive consideration of nature. The part of the fond confiding wife fell to Miss Huddart; with the exception of too much hurry in one instance, when she departs for the prison, her performance was faultless. When her husband dies, she puts on a wild stare of incipient madness, which was perfectly harrowing, and which used to render the performance of Miss O'Neil in the same part so painful to the audience. Mr. Warde's Stukely was in his best style. Three nights of the present week have been devoted to benefits. Mr. Bedford had a bumper on Wednesday; on Thursday, Mesdemoiselles Celesti and Constance fared somewhat worse; but on Friday, the house filled again, to show respect to Miss Ellen Tree. This lady stands deservedly high in genteel comedy, and her performance, during the last fortnight, gave general satisfaction. The benefit ought of course to have afforded abundance of amusement, and some good acting. We were particularly pleased with Mr. Warde's Darlemont, in *Deaf and Dumb*, and with Mr. Meadows' Dominique, in the same piece. *Masaniello*, with Sinclair as the hero, has been tolerably successful as an afterpiece.

MANCHESTER, JULY 24.—Since our last, Miss Graddon has appeared in several parts calculated for vocal display; and, certainly, her voice exhibits marked improvement both in tone and power; but what could induce her to indulge in so gross an impropriety, as that of profanely breaking in upon one of Shakspeare's most beautiful creations,

by rendering that sweetly-jangled instrument of Ophelia, subservient to the introduction of modern sing song? surely there was sufficient time between the pieces for such performances: if not between the acts, they would have been better tolerated. On Saturday, the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* introduced Mr. Calvert of the York Theatre, (who appeared for the first time on the Manchester stage the preceding evening,) as Pierre, and Mrs. Angel, from the same place, we believe, as Belvidera. The commanding talents of Mr. Calvert as a lecturer are well known and appreciated in this town, and the personations successively allotted to him during his short engagement, viz: the Slave, Pierre, Hamlet, and Rob Roy, were distinguished by good sense and strict propriety.

It is said that Mr. Beverly, in consequence of his heavy losses, is about to resign the management to Mr. Lewis, the former lessee. Yates and his elephant met with but little encouragement here.

NOTTINGHAM.—The season here has been more productive than for some years past; and but for the gloom thrown over the country by the demise of the late king, it would have been very great; and if the efforts of a talented and respectable company merit public patronage, success was never more deservedly bestowed than in the present instance, for a better or more efficient corps we have seldom seen on the boards of our native town.

We confess we have been enthusiastic admirers of the drama from our youth upwards; and now, though "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," the representation of a good play, well acted, forms the highest enjoyment we can possibly taste of.

The "stars" have been Miss Fanny Ayton and Miss Philips, who were both attractive. Miss Ayton is a pleasing singer, but not always so strictly in tune as a nice and delicate ear would require; yet though we have heard many superior singers, we have seldom seen a more pleasing actress. But where shall we find words sufficiently expressive, to convey a sense of the gratification we experienced from the acting of Miss Philips? It was classically chaste, and touchingly natural, and more than merited the repeated bursts of approbation elicited from the audience. She was well supported by Mr. Dale, who is a respectable actor, and might be something more, would he take the trouble to possess himself of what the author sets down for him.

Mr. Hazelton, in Jaffier and Stukely, established his claims to our approval in tragedy more unequivocally than on any previous occasion. Messrs. Preston, Boddie, Spencer and Anderson, deserve honourable mention, the latter gentleman especially, who can hit off the eccentricities of a sailor, and dance a hornpipe, better than any man we have ever seen. Nor do the ladies of the company yield in talent to the gentlemen. Miss Cleaver is an accomplished actress, whose forte it would be difficult to determine, as she seems perfectly at home in all she undertakes. Mrs. Wilkins is a graceful dancer; Miss Fox, could she throw a little more animation into her face and manner, would be a very pretty actress, and Mrs. Cleaver is the best representative of the old ladies we have had here for many years.

The theatre, we see, closes on the 19th; and as the entertainments announced are for the benefit of Mrs. Manley, we sincerely hope that her claims on the public of Nottingham will be discharged in full by an overflowing attendance.

The company goes from this to Stamford, where we wish it every success—and we hope to see every member of it again in October.—*A Subscriber.*

LEEDS.—This establishment, conducted by the good taste of Mr. W. J. Hammond, continues to meet with the most respectable patronage. The performances are conducted in a manner highly creditable to the management; and the company is, on the whole, far superior to any *corps dramatique* out of London. Mr. Rumball is deservedly a great favourite; his Charles XII. is a fine piece of characteristic acting—it has all that stern ruggedness, the "rough pash" of the great original. Strickland is a rising actor: his Adam Brock was capital. As we have seen Liston's, our readers may judge of the high opinion which we entertain of Mr. Strickland. Hammond is an old favourite in the York Circuit. There is a Mrs. Raymond—many of our readers may have seen her some years ago at the English Opera House, as Miss Holdaway,—who is the Vestris of the company. She is arch, vivacious, sings prettily, possesses a fine deep voice, and has what Lady Montague calls "stag eyes." Miss Penley is the Melpomene of the company. The "Tenth," who are quartered in this town, are frequent visitors at the theatre.

MARGATE.—A young gentleman has been playing the part of O'Toole during the last week most successfully.

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MISS PHILLIPS.

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

IN THE CHARACTER OF CLAUDIA, IN THE TRAGEDY OF RIEZI.



M^{RS} JORDAN,
AS
PEGGY.

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